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An Evening Echo.

Our old mother Nature has pleasant and cheery tones enough for us when she comes in her dress of blue and gold over the eastern hill-tops; but when she follows us up stairs to our beds in her suit of black velvet and diamonds, every creak of her sandals and every whisper of her lips is full of mystery and fear.—HOLMES.

It was even too much for Congressman Davis.

It was a shame the way Siers was double-crossed.

Oh, what is the use of holding an election next month?

Summarizing, it was a real endorsement of the Republican administration.

That Democratic city convention was dry enough but not in the modern use of the term.

Some of the candidates had to stand up and be identified last night at the convention.

If some of the candidates nominated last night are not double-crossed, our name will be mud.

The Democratic nominee for police chief will probably be called "Tom, the bondsman," during the campaign.

Way were not those there last night who trailed with some of the Democratic politicians last spring? Doubtless, they learned they were "tricked" last year.

Thomas R. Kearns can take persons out of jail about as easy as he can put them in. He is said to be an adept at furnishing bail for prisoners.

It is stated that Mr. Sommers wants to introduce some Hearst ideas here, but Mr. Hearst is not in favor among Democrats here any more.

With Guy Tetrick, Ernest Lewis, Olanus West and Horner Davis at each of the four corners, the steam roller was started off in fine shape last night.

There was just one little echo of the West Virginia legislature at the Democratic city convention last night. It is unnecessary to say what it was.

We condemn nothing in the present city administration seems to have been the real sentiment of the Democratic city convention last night. Shake!

The Democratic machine had two or three slates cracked and had but little time to frame the final one. Little wonder that it made such a miserable job of it.

Mr. Sommers said that he would not have it but that he would take it, when he was placed in nomination for the office of mayor. Then it was handed to him on a platter.

The Exponent thinks so little of the Democratic city ticket that it fails to run the ticket at the head of its editorial columns or to make editorial comment on the ticket or convention.

Nearly every Democrat in the court house last night cast a cumulative vote as only a handful of the delegates showed up. There were only six delegates from the Fourth ward.

There was no overflow meeting. There was not even a packed house. It came very near being an empty house. It would have virtually been one, if a number of Republicans in their curiosity had not obligingly lent their presence.

Such ardent advocates of prohibition as some of those used to be who took a prominent part in the Democratic city convention ought at least to have whimpered for the "cause." They did not even open their mouths along that line.

It was the truth Camden Sommers spoke, when he said the city had a good administration. Mr. Sommers along with most of the residents of Clarksburg recognizes the fact that Frank R. Moore and those under him are good public servants.

If the Democratic nominee for mayor will only tell the people what he actually thinks of some of those who endorsed his nomination at the convention last night, the public will be treated again to some very interesting reading on the subject.

Some very prominent men interested in Democratic politics and dependent for political preferment in the future on Democratic success had business elsewhere just as soon as the nomination for mayor was made. That is one way of expressing disapproval.

It is said that even members of the Democratic convention were disappointed because no one offered a resolution embodying the Exponent's conception of what a splendid mayor Frank R. Moore is. The Exponent has given him unstinted praise, fully deserved however.

About this time last year the chairman of the Democratic city convention last night was escorting Edward W. Mills to a hotel to have a conference with him. But, Mr. Mills was not a guest or conferee of the chairman last night. There was a reason.

While the motion to dispense with the usual committees precluded the adoption of resolutions at the Democratic city convention, its nominee did not let the opportunity pass to say a good word for the present Republican administration. It was a proper rebuke at the proper time.

It was a great convention. Guy Tetrick and Horner Davis would move something and Ernest Lewis and James Robinson would second it. Then Lewis and Robinson would move something and the others would second it and so on. It was a very delightful little game of "ring around a rosy."

It is really a disappointment to note that the Democratic machine has decided to let the public know that it has nothing to condemn in reference to the operation of the city government. Perhaps, the machine has learned that the public has no faith in the pledges it makes, and, therefore, it concluded not to make any.

With the winter season about over, it really was the right time for a heavy frost last night, and the almanackers now have the privilege of recording a very heavy one—the Democratic city convention. In local matters it certainly was the greatest killer of the politics it represented ever known.

The chairman of the Democratic convention had he known the political complexion of the city convention Friday night would never have entertained the motion that fifty-one votes be necessary to a choice, as our Democratic friends, it appears, would have had to count noses twice before they could have announced the required number.

Mayor Frank R. Moore doubtless appreciates the fact that Camden Sommers, a delegate to the Democratic city convention, plainly gave the convention to understand that Clarksburg has an excellent mayor. It was a cue for an endorsement of Mayor Moore but the convention was so lifeless that it failed to grasp the idea.

Was the Democratic machine afraid to go on record in writing? Possibly so, owing to the fact that the people have not forgotten a resolution some of the active henchmen of the machine subscribed to

last year. The Telegram reproduced it just a few hours before the convention. Its reproduction seems to have taken their breath away and palsied their hands so that they could not write even the first line of that or any other resolution.

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE

(Continued from page 2.)

He stood a moment; then, taking down the telephone receiver, he said into the mouthpiece:

"Hello. All right. Send the gentleman in." After a pause: "What? He's gone into Mr. Lane's office? The telephone receiver fell to the desk with a crash. Doyle went into the office of Mr. Lane. Rose's father! Here was a new complication, a new danger, one which Jimmy Valentine had not included in his calculations. Well, come what may, he must face the situation.

"Miss Taylor—Miss Mabel," he called, taking up the receiver and asking for the "central" of the bank's private exchange. "Give me Mr. Lane's office. Hello, Mr. Lane. Oh, now regarding that Germond note, he says that he—Oh, you are coming into my office now with a Mr. Doyle? All right. I'll be here. Very well. Goodbye."

The receiver clattered into its wonted position on the hook, and Jimmy Valentine stood at his desk awaiting the arrival of Rose Lane's father and Detective George Doyle.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER a few moments Valentine again glanced at the photograph of the dinner group. Next he opened a drawer at his left and took out a square green book with the legend "Scrap Book" in fancy green letters on its cover.

He placed the volume in a drawer at the right of his desk and on top of it laid several other books taken from another drawer. He slammed the drawer shut, straightened himself and walked across the office to the table on which was laid the tray of gold, silver and greenbacks.

"I'm going to beat you, Mr. Doyle!" he said fiercely, half aloud. "I'm going to beat you, and I'm going to make you like it."

He seated himself before the tray and began counting the money as the door opened to admit Mr. Lane, followed by Detective Doyle.

Valentine looked up. "Mr. Randall," began Rose's father. "This is Mr. Doyle, a detective, who has been asking me some questions about you that I feel you can better answer."

"Indeed?" looking at Doyle. "What is the name?" Valentine asked innocently.

His attitude made Doyle snort with anger.

"Doyle," the detective grunted impatiently, staring at the man he had known as No. 1289.

Valentine rose and shook hands with Doyle. "Glad to know you, Mr. Doyle."

He seated himself before the tray. "Well, what can I do for you?" he asked.

The detective's mouth gaped open. He glared at the smoothly speaking, indifferently acting ex-convict before him, then at the tray containing thousands of dollars in bills and coin. Valentine went on counting the money as unconcernedly as though playing a game of jackstraws with Bobby or Kitty.

"What can you do?" exploded Doyle. "You can do nine years for—"

(To be continued.)

Michael Judge has returned from

Pittsburg, where he visited his

brother, Patrick Judge, who is ill

of heart trouble.

Miss Verna Sayre will go to Graf-

ton tonight to visit her brother, J. W.

Sayre, Sunday.

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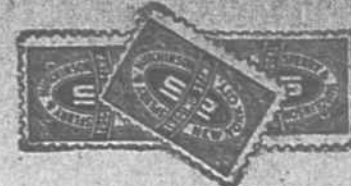
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15c HUCK TOWELS, 6 FOR 49c.

25c AND 35c TAFFETA RIBBON, 15c YD.

15c SWISS EMBROIDERY, 9c YARD

15c HEMMED DIAPERS, 6 FOR 49c

\$1.00 AMERICAN LADY CORSETS, 89c.

12½c ALL LINEN CRASH, 8 1-3c

CORSET DEMONSTRATION MONDAY, MARCH 13TH. ROYAL WORSTER AND BON TON.

CARR MILLINERY
OPENING COMING

In New Quarters with All
New Goods Will Be a
Big Affair.

Just when the bloom has faded from milady's winter headgear, and when bedraggled feathers and faded tulle tell the tale of winter, along comes the rejuvenating event of Rose Carr's millinery opening, March 15.

There will be chapeaux and

chapeaux and no one seems to be overlooked this spring, as even the misses' and children's hats have a more prominent showing than for many seasons. The miniature poke hats, blocked in fine Millans

and leghorns, while flowers of the most dainty and exquisite colorings must form part of the children's headgear, as they too can be graced with the coral and Helen pink so much in vogue. Hats large and small, turned big in front and sides, and some few mushrooms, not for-

getting the old-fashioned Louis XXI poke bonnet, now so good in the great metropolis; also the new helmet idea, the crown going up to peaks, and the brims turned up sharp like the classic headgear worn by the goddess Diana. The large hats, and there are plenty of them, have for the most part round crowns which slope up gradually from the broad brims and which form the newest note in the hats to be worn this summer.

The new colors are coral, a vivid and glowing red almost of the cerise order, and a brilliant green which is woven into nearly all the hats in some form or another. Black and white, stronger than ever, are used in combination with some of the intense lines so very

popular. Many of the Paris creations show a tendency to combine purple with red, but it is not likely that this extreme and somewhat startling combination will be extensively used on the headgear turned out in this shop.

Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock it will be a pleasure to show you better than can be told, the beauties, secrets and mysteries of proper-

(Continued on page 10)

The quicker a cold is gotten rid of the less the danger from pneumonia and other serious diseases. Mr. B. W. L. Hall, of Waverly, Va., says: "I firmly believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be absolutely the best preparation on the market for colds. I have recommended it to my friends and they all agree with me." For sale by all dealers.

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